

**A Bivouac
de Luxe**

By Edward Boltwood

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Mr. George Sloan, foreman of the Double-X ranch, stood upon the threshold of Abe Buntz' Spearfish Palace Emporium and swelled out his chest with the pardonable pride of a man who had just purchased the finest set of bedroom furniture in South Dakota, as per Mr. Buntz' advertisement in the Spearfish Schmitz.

"It will cost you money to freight all that rosewood ten miles to Double-X," said Abe.

"I'm glad of it," Mr. Sloan declared. "Load her on to a truck and let her come this afternoon. I'm expecting the Dook of Massachusetts, and money's no object."

"Reckon you're going to get married, George," inquired Buntz.

"Not so's you'd notice it. This here furniture is for Mister Chitchester, Esquire, of Boston. He's the eastern boss of the Double-X; he's a comin' to inspect us, and Buntz, I calkerlate to fix him up a room at the ranch 'll make him think he's in the Garden of Eden."

Abe nodded approvingly. "Guess he will be satisfied, all right," he said.

"Duno," replied Sloan, looking dubious. "The seller's a crank. He's never been west of New England, but he seems to think he knows a whole lot about taking care o' men beyond the confines of civilization, as he calls it in his fool letters. He don't claim to be much on cattle; camp fixings is his strong hold. Last year he sent out a box of loosengers. Pears like candy. I gives 'em to John Heffren, who eats 'em and gets sicker'n anybody I ever see get sick and live. Then long comes a letter from Chitchester, saying them pills was condensed food as they use in the Dutch army. Heffren had ate 30 days' rations in a half hour. Chitchester, he's always writin' me the darndest stuf about bibles and tents and camp-stoves, and such truck."

"When's he coming?"

"Most any day now," explained Sloan gloomily. "Mind you ship that freight so's I get it to-night."

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"May I Not Ride With You, Mr. Sloan?"

tom, half-way between Spearfish and the ranch.

"We'll stake out at the creek, Ed," said Heffren, "and camp. This yero pony's beat."

"So'm I. Got nothin' much eat, neither. 'F I had Sloan here, I'd fry him. What's he mean, sendin' to Powder river? 'Thout 'nuff grub to keep a cat?"

"Duno. I'm 'bout done, hungry an' thirsty an' mad an' sleepy—an' whoa up! What's that ayonder?"

Ed. May pulled his horse and stared at the overturned wagon which was resting on its side by the bank of Medicine creek. The four mules, still in the traces, gazed reproachfully at the cowboys as they loped nearer.

"Sure, a busted shebang," commented John, "the driver, he's dead to the world." Heffren had dismounted and was examining the recumbent form of the charioteer, who lay snoring on the ground.

"What's in the jug alongside of him, John?" demanded May, with a certain delighted note in his voice. "That maverick's name is Muddy Connors. Freight's for Buntz."

"Rye, an' it's all gone," announced Heffren, smelling of the demijohn.

The two cow-punchers staked out their horses in the meadow grass and turned loose the mules. Then May tilted the whisky-jug. Its emptiness seemed to infuriate him, and his angry eye fell on the disarranged contents of the wagon.

"Hey, there!" he called to John. "Here's a bed. Can we rig it?"

"Betebe we can," said Mr. Heffren.

Ed. May looked about him with more particular attention and burst into a malicious cry.

"Whoop!" he observed, tearing the sack from a patent rocking-chair, "how's this? Pretty hot cakes, eh?" He ripped the cover from a massive wash-board, and then attacked a chest of drawers, and John contemplated him with an appreciative grin.

"Brush out your hair," Heffren yelled. May, brandishing an ornate looking-glass, "had walk into this year reserved above. Get yer ornery self used up beauty. The hotel is now in Mrs. Major's Gem hotel."

Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

Publisher and Proprietor

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open and I've took the bridal chamber!"

The next morning when Mr. Brice Chichester clambered into the buck-board in front of the Spearfish hotel it was easy to detect his eager and joyful anticipation. His mind brimmed already with ideas for the improvement of life on the cattle range, for his inventive genius had been stirred powerfully by the astonishing stories which had been told him by the many guileless-looking strangers whom he had interviewed en route. He had ordered the buck-board to be ready at dawn, and now he exhorted French Mike to make all haste.

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JUST ADDED HIS TESTIMONY.

In the Absence of Knowledge of Biblical Text It Was Best Cowboy Could Do.

Once upon a time, not so long ago, a couple of cowpunchers found themselves guests in the home of a minister of the gospel whose custom was to hold family worship of a morning, and to conclude the same by asking each one present to give some quotation from the Scriptures. One after another repeated some text, says Recreation, until at last it came the turn of Jim Bulstrode of the Crowfoot ranch.

"My dear young friend," said the domine, as he saw the latter hesitating, "surely can recall some verse from the Bible."

Jim's face was bathed with perspiration, but at last there came to him some approximation of a memory of something he had read or heard at some stage of his life about the first chapter of Genesis. At last he broke out: "God made the world!"

The domine lifted a hand to hide a sudden smile, but bowed to Jim's neighbor in the circle. Curley was even worse off than Jim had been, and for the life of him could not think of anything. At last, remembering the occasional virtue of a good bluff, he twisted one foot around his chair leg and, with all the confidence he could muster, remarked: "He shore did!"

HAD DWELLING IN ODD NEST

Deadly "Carolina Tarantula" Caught by Boys on Plantation in That State.

Mr. A. W. Pickens of Garvin township brought to this office Saturday an enormous spider which he called a Carolina tarantula. It was captured by some boys on his plantation.

The spider was an inch and half long and half an inch broad before having been killed and drawn to its smallest compass. Before being killed it was much larger. The animal was equipped with ten legs, four at the prow and six at the stern, and particularly wicked looking mouth. The bite of this spider, Mr. Pickens says, is as deadly as that of a rattlesnake.

Some boys on Mr. Pickens' plantation found a peculiar looking hole in the ground and decided to investigate.

"Good-morning," began Mr. Chichester politely. "You seem comfortable here."

"Sure," said Heffren. "This yero is the Powder River outfit of the Double-X ranch. Drive on," and he prepared to resume his nap.

"Stop a bit," cried the managing director. "This is the most luxurious camping equipment! Do not remember that I have ever seen anything approaching it in comfort. My good man, will you tell me?"

"Oh, don't bother," growled John, sleepy. "If yer want a bed, go to th' office an' register."

"Good word!" exclaimed Chichester. "These appliances for an ordinary bivouac are a revelation!"

"Well, we're abt a couple of pictures and a bath-tub," admitted Heffren.

Ed. May stretched himself and sat suddenly upright, blinking at the visitors.

"Howdy, Mike," said he. "When did you blow in?"

"I'm a-haulin' this gentleman out to the ranch," French Mike replied. "Say," he added maliciously, as he gathered up his reins—"say, he's the eastern boss of the Double-X. So long!"

Mr. Chichester was so busily engaged in taking a mental inventory of the astounding camp utensils that he failed to notice the consternation in which he left the cowboys. They both rolled off the mattress and roused Muddy Connors.

"Anyhow, we'll get fired from the Double-X, all right," Mr. Heffren concluded, "and the Widder Major of the Gem hotel will buy this sweetly o' furniture off of us if we pack it over the state line into Sundance."

The two other men hesitated.

"This evenin' Connors tramps back to Spearfish," urged John, "and tells Buntz he was held up. By that-time Ed. May has driv the freight over into the gran' old state of Wyoming and fixed it Savvy?"

In the meantime Brice Chichester, having made his arrival at the ranch, so perplexed Mr. Sloan by his allusions to the Medicine Creek episode that the foreman was compelled to seek a private explanation from French Mike. The explanation caused him to buckle on his forty-five and saddle a horse.

"Edward VII. per Alexander Beggs, J. P."

These Stage "College Boys."

The west has recently been flooded, I hear, with "college boy" acts—teams of not overly brilliant young men who wear \$15 white flannel hand-me-downs, hats of a style mostly favored by colored gentlemen, sing last year's halldis very poorly and dance with indifferent success. One disgusted manager, whose booking agent had been sending him an oversupply of the teams, stood in the lobby watching one of the "college boys" talking with a man he had picked up in the town.

"Say," said the girl, "are you fellows really college boys?"

"Well," answered the other, "I ain't one but Bill is. Why, Bill," with pride, "he graduated from Los Angeles—Beau Broadway in New York Telegraph."

Mr. Chichester pricked up his ears.

"I refer, of course," went on the Bostonian, "to the wonderful camping arrangement which you have devised for our employees. The equipment is almost incredible. Your services must be priceless here—priceless, Mr. Sloan."

Sloan glared at him with suspicion, with wonder. Anxiously with hope; then he sat down beside Mr. Chichester and conversed with him in a softened and, at times, a trembling voice. In spite of the laughter which threatened him continually, Mr. Sloan's diplomacy was rewarded. He began at once to pull the wires which ultimately enabled the managing director in a grant of increased salary.

Mr. Chichester, however, never saw the rosewood furniture again. To do so it would have been necessary to go to Sundance in Wyoming—where, indeed, anyone may see it, occupying as it does, the prominent place of honor in the town.

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SEES RETURN OF WITCHCRAFT

Much Food for Thought Furnished in an Article by Prof. William Graham Summer.

Belief in witchcraft is not dead. It is latent, and may burst forth anew at any moment. "The difference (from age to age) is not so much in the amount of credulity as in the direction it takes." At the present day it is in politics. Lecky thought that the cause of persecution was the intensity of dogmatic opinion. That may be a cause. No man is tolerant above anything about which he cares very much, and in regard to which he thinks that he has "the truth." Struggles for political power, however, cause even intenser rage. It is political factions which in the future may return in violent repression of dissent. In the history of city after city we meet with the intensest rancor between classes and factions, and we find this rancor producing extremes of beastly cruelty, when interest seems to call for it. The cases of the Van Artevelde's of Wullenweber, in 1329, as well as the proceedings of the committees of safety against Tories in the American revolution, may suffice as examples. Socialism is, in its spirit and program, well capable of producing new phenomena of despotism and persecution in order to get or retain social power. Anarchists who are fanatical enough to throw bombs into theaters or restaurants, or to murder kings and presidents just because they are such, are capable of anything which witch-judges or inquisitors have done. If they should think that party success called for it. If bad times should come again upon the civilized world through overpopulation and an unfavorable economic conjuncture, popular education would decline, and classes would be more widely separated. It must then be expected that the old demonism would burst forth again and would reproduce the old phenomena.

RIVERVIEW EXPOSITION.

Chicago's Greatest Amusement Enterprise Completed at a Cost of \$5,000,000.

None of Chicago's other marvelous achievements equals the great amusement park just now being launched.

RIVERVIEW EXPOSITION

This exposition surpasses everything of its character since the original World's Fair. Five million dollars were expended in making it a creation in Chicago's coronet of beautiful parks.

Last season 7,000,000 persons visited the exposition. This year it will accommodate 10,000,000 persons. A trip to Chicago would be incomplete without a visit there.

RIVERVIEW EXPOSITION

air-passes Chicago's ancient Circus Maximus where 5,000 dancers entertained Rome.

Five thousand dancers could be lost in any one of its corners, explains the great attraction.

It is the product of the genius of E. W. McConnell, builder of the great World's Fair, and his staff of a hundred artists.

RIVERVIEW EXPOSITION

is "The Creation." This stupendous scene-spectacle, animated Biblical characters, is designed to attract world-wide attention.

It is the product of the genius of E. W. McConnell, builder of the great World's Fair, and his staff of a hundred artists.

The scene is the Valley of the Euphrates, where tradition locates Eden. Its chief attraction, "Garden of Eden," is designed to attract world-wide attention.

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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PATHOLOGICAL DIVORCE PLEAS.

By Edward Alsworth Ross.

It is erroneous to suppose that the explanation and cure of the drift toward divorce is to be found in legislation. Twenty years ago Prof. Wilcox, on the basis of the most rigid investigations, declared: "The immediate, direct and measurable influence of legislation is subsidiary, unimportant, almost imperceptible." Dr. Dike, the secretary of the National League for the Protection of the Family, said: "The direct influence of law laws in producing the great increase of divorce in the last forty years is relatively small." Moreover, the tendency of legislation for the last twenty years has been decidedly in the direction of greater stringency.

The failing grip of the legal institution need not entail a corresponding abandonment of the hallowed ideal of marriage as a lifelong union. If the iron clamp be loosened, it does not follow that the silken cord is weaker. Although in thirty-eight years the resort to divorce has become three times as frequent, there is little to show that couples are taking the vows of wedlock with any other desire or expectation than union till death.

Nor can we conclude that wronged spouses are less faithful than formerly to this ideal. The loveless couples of the "good old times" appear to have been held together by public opinion, religious ordinance, ignorance of a remedy, the expense of divorce or the wife's economic helplessness, rather than by a heroic fidelity to an ideal.

In nineteen cases out of twenty the marriage purports to be shattered by some flagrant wrong, such as adultery, cruelty, drunkenness, desertion, imprisonment for crime or neglect to provide. Nevertheless, the growth of divorce cannot be taken as a sure sign of increasing depravity on the part of husbands or wives. Often the "cause" that figures in the record is a screen for some deep-seated irritant. Physicians declare that many marital troubles have their roots in the pathology of sex, and do not argue moral fault on the part of either spouse.—The Century.

HOW TO SOLVE THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

By Brig. Gen. R. D. Pratt.

For a number of years I had charge of some of the strongest Indian chiefs, held as prisoners of war, part of the time shackled and handcuffed. I myself revolted against our system, but did not desert the people. I removed the shackles and adopted the kindest system of treatment possible in prison life, and endeavored in every way to heal the wounds and make them worthy, self-respecting men by giving to them education and industrial usefulness.

I filled them with the hope that, instead of being

HER PATHWAY.

So sweet a path it is that I And all the flowers love it; The gracious goldenrod sways high The asters bend above it.

In ruby or in golden cup Its name the lichen pledges, And crimson-berried vines creep up, Bejeweling its edges.

The bees and crickets sing its songs, The shadows kiss it lightly, While butterflies in golden throngs Flit up and down it brightly.

And little pines with jealous frown Try here and there to hide it, Let falling stars should lasten down To woo it if they spied it.

And I, too, fair would keep its way Sweet hidden 'mid the grasses— Sweet path, dear path, down which each day My little true love passes.

Through the Storm

The final rupture came two years after their marriage. Emily in rebellious anger told her husband that she would no longer live in the same house with his mother. "You must choose between us," she said, her splendid voice vibrating with all the unleashed emotion of her being, yet with no faltering in it. "If she stays, I go."

Stephen Fair, harnessed and bewildered, was angry with the relentless anger of a patient man, roused at last.

"Go, then," he said sternly. "I'll never turn my mother from my door for any woman's whim."

The stormy red went out of Emily's face, leaving it like a marble mask.

"You mean that?" she said, calmly. "Think well. I go, I shall never return."

"I do mean it," said Stephen. "Leave my house if you will, if you hold your marriage vow so lightly. When your senses return you are welcome to come back to me. I will never ask you to."

Without another word Emily turned away. That night she went back to John and Amelia. They, on their part, welcomed her back gladly, believing her to be wronged and ill-used woman. They hated Stephen Fair with a new and personal rancor. The one thing they could have hardly forgiven Emily would have been the fact of her relenting toward him.

But she did not relent. In her soul she knew that, with all her just grievances, she had been in the wrong, and for that she could not forgive him!

Two years after she had left Stephen Mrs. Fair died, and his widowed sister went to keep house for him. If he thought of Emily, he made no sign. Stephen Fair never broke a word once passed.

And now Stephen was ill. The strange woman felt a certain pride in her own flexibility because the fact did not affect her. She told herself that she could not have felt more unconcerned had he been the mere stranger. Nevertheless, she waited and watched for John Phillips homecoming.

At 10 o'clock she heard his voice in the kitchen. She leaned out of the bed and pulled open the door. She heard voices below, but could not distinguish the words, so she rose and

went noiselessly out into the hall. Sentner cried out in her alarm. Who or what was this creature, with the white face and wild eyes, with torn and dripping garments and disheveled, wind-writhen hair, and the big drops of blood trickling from her brow? The next moment she recognized Emily, and her face hardened. She had always hated Emily Fair.

"What do you want here?" she asked, harshly. "Where is my husband?" said Emily. "You can't see him," said Mrs. Sentner, defiantly. "The doctors won't allow him in the room but those he's used to. Strangers excite him."

The insolence and cruelty of her speech fell on unheeding ears. Emily, understanding only that her husband yet lived, turned to the hall door.

"Stand back," she said, in a voice that was little more than a thrilling whisper, but which yet had in it something that cowed Almira Sentner's spirit. Sullenly she stood aside, and Emily went unhindered up the stairs to the room where the sick man lay.

The two doctors in attendance were there, with the trained nurse from the city. Emily pushed them aside and fell on her knees by the bed. One of the doctors made a hasty motion as if to draw her back, but the other checked him.

"It doesn't matter now," he said, significantly.

Stephen Fair turned his languid, unshorn head on the pillow. His dull, feverish eyes met Emily's. He had not recognized anyone all day, but he knew his wife. "Emily!" he whispered.

Emily drew his head close to her face and kissed him passionately.

"Stephen, I've come back to you. Forgive me—forgive me—say that you you."

"It's all right, my girl," he said, feebly. She buried her face in the pillow beside his with a sob.

In the wan, gray light of the autumn dawn the old doctor came to the bedside and lifted Emily to her feet. She had not stirred the whole night. Now she raised her white face with dumb pleading in her eyes. The doctor glanced at the sleeping man on the bed.

"Your husband will live, Mrs. Fair," he said, gently. "I think your coming saved him. His joy turned the ebbing tide in favor of life."

"Thank God!" said Emily Fair—Springfield Republican.

in her present mood. It would drive her mad.

She lighted a lamp and dressed herself noiselessly, but with feverish haste. Then she listened. The house was very still. Amelia and John had gone to bed. She wrapped herself in a heavy woolen shawl hanging in the hall and crept downstairs. With nimble fingers she fumbled at the key of the hall door, turned it and slipped out into the night.

In after years that frenzied walk through the storm and blackness seemed an unbroken nightmare to Emily Fair's recollection. Often she fell. Once as she did so a jagged, dead limb of fir struck her forehead and cut in it a gash that marked her for life. As she struggled to her feet and found her way again, the blood trickled down over her face.

"Oh, God, don't let him die before I get to him—don't—don't—don't!" she prayed desperately, with more of defiance than of entreaty in her voice; then, realizing this, she cried out in horror. Surely some fearful punishment would come on her for such wickedness—she would find her husband lying dead.

When Emily opened the kitchen door of the Fair homeestead, Almira

MAY END LIFE IN PRISON.

Convict Who Escaped Thirty-two Years Ago, Captured in Old Age.

After thirty-two years of freedom, in which time he had regained a position of honor in his community, had married and raised a family, Walter H. Holcombe, now more than 70 years old, is in the Fulton County (Ga.) jail facing a return to convict life in a penitentiary, which at his age might mean death.

Holcombe was charged with stealing a horse and sent to prison for ten years, escaping after serving five years. "I am innocent," he said. "They said I stole a horse and the jury believed the flimsy evidence. A short time ago there came a longing to see my old home and my relatives again, and so I determined to return and was warmly received until three men came to my home and told me the State wanted me; that my sentence was not ended, and that there was \$50 reward for me. They brought me to Atlanta. I have not long to live and I couldn't survive that five-year sentence."

CROSSES SEA BY MAIL.

Eleven-Year-Old Child Is Safely Delivered at Granite City, Ill.

Ontko Erzabel, an 11-year-old girl, has come from Hungary to Granite City, Ill., "officially by mail." The girl's father is dead. Her mother came to America, where she married John Klaik, a native of her own province. She left her daughter in the care of the child's grandmother. The mother's dearest wish was to have the girl rejoin her in the new home. Her husband was willing, so the passage money was forwarded to Hungary. The village clerk arranged the preliminaries. He bought the ticket, tagged the little girl and gave her a letter to the steamship company. She reached Granite City Monday night, and Postmaster J. V. Thompson made the case a special delivery one. The tag on the girl read: "John Klaik, Granite City; P. O. Box 101."

Working Girl Starts Suffragists.

Leomara O'Reilly, the working-girl orator of New York City, who started the State legislators when the suffrage hearing was held, has now succeeded in starting her fellow-suffragists of the well-to-do class. At an outdoor meeting held by a number of the elect in the upper section of Manhattan Miss O'Reilly was asked to speak. She spoke first of the beautiful suburban place with foliage and flowers all about, and then asked if they realized that it was dangerous to bring a working woman to such a place and let her see that there is a great, beautiful world from which she is shut out. She said the working woman wanted a little more time that she could call her own, and that the only reason more of her kind were not attending that meeting was because they could not afford the 10 cents necessary to pay the car fare out and back. And yet they wanted a chance to earn it as their right and they were beginning to see that they could not get their economic rights without first establishing their political right to the ballot.

Bell on the Aerodrome.

On his return to Washington from Haddeck, Nova Scotia, where he had been taking part in the aerodrome experiments for the last six months Prof. Alexander Graham Bell was quoted as saying that heavier-than-air machines of this type would prove valuable chiefly as an aid to warfare. He called attention to the fact that the weight of these aeroplanes increases faster than their size, which seems to bar their successful use except for transportation purposes. With the tetrahedral kite system, however, the increase in size, weight and lifting power are found to be about equal, and he sees no reason why machines of this type could not be constructed capable of carrying 100 men or more. At the same time it would be possible to maintain a low rate of speed not possible with the aeroplanes of the Wright type. He believes that the Silver Dart which recently made successful flights at Baddeck is superior to the Wright machines.

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A Novel Bottle.

In furnishing information concerning Calcutta's supply of the various "soft" drinks, Consul General William H. Michael refers as follows to an improved bottle in use: This bottle is so blown as to contain in the neck a round glass stopper which is forced upward by the gas in the bottle and holds the gas perfectly. An expert can remove half the contents of one of these bottles, and by a shake force the ball up into the neck, and thus preserve the remaining half for future use. It is an ingenious device and in every way superior to the old style cork. In opening a bottle a wooden, cup-shaped device, which fits into the hollow of the hand and contains a short nipple, is placed over and against the glass ball stopper and pressed downward. This causes the ball to drop down into the neck of the bottle, prevents too rapid escape of gas and foam, and, if only part of the contents is required, the ball may be forced back into the position as stopper.

CHURCH AND REFORM.

Rev. Father Sydney Jeffords of St. Stephen's parish at Peoria, Ill., arranged a unique dinner in honor of Mayor S. Rose of Milwaukee who debated against Daniel R. Sheen on "Prohibition" in that city. The guests included brewers, wholesale liquor dealers and C. E. Jones, national chairman of the Prohibition party; Alonzo E. Wilson, state chairman of the Prohibition party.

Gapeworms.

Gapeworms are small worms that lodge in the windpipes of chicks and in time choke them to death. It has never been definitely settled where they come from. When they first enter the windpipe they are so small that they can hardly be seen with the naked eye, but unless destroyed they grow until they fill the windpipe, causing the chick to gape for breath, hence the name. There are a number of ways of treating gapeworms in chicks. One of the best is to place the chicks in a tight box covered over the top with cheesecloth and dust slack lime through the cloth. This will cause them to sneeze violently, and the worms will be expelled from the throat. Be careful not to overdo the thing and choke the chicks to death. The worms can also be removed by inserting a couple of loops and twisted horse hairs into the windpipe, giving a few turns and withdrawing, but it is a tedious job.

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Assafoetida in the drinking water or a little turpentine added to soft feed are also said to be effective remedies. If the houses and runs are sprinkled occasionally with air-slashed lime it will go a long way toward eliminating the trouble.

Too heavy feeding sometimes causes paralysis in young pigs.

The Michigan State Agricultural School has added a course of instruction in the use of automobiles, and it is said that Iowa and Kansas will follow suit.

Make every square rod on your farm yield its quota of profit. Some use can be found for even the poor strips. Study out how you can best use all your land.

Large quantities of alfalfa seed are shipped every year to Belgium and other countries of Europe to be made into dye. This is a beautiful shade, which can be obtained from no better source.

Pigs are more apt to be "rooters" in spring, when the ground is soft, than they are at any other time of the year. Much of this can be prevented by feeding regularly with coal, charcoal, ashes or other mineral matter. Ringing the hogs should be resorted to in extreme cases.

A farmer troubled with thistles, tried digging up and salting their roots to no avail. He then plowed the field eight inches deep in June. Again, in August he plowed six inches deep, again in October, then in March the following year, and finally again in May, and then he planted to corn, and reported that he got rid of the thistles.

Horns are going out of style, decidedly. Horned cattle and horned sheep are rapidly disappearing. Many of the cattle bred and fed in the corn belt are hornless. Breeds of this kind are growing in popularity. In the mountainous countries and on the plains wild cattle needed long horns for the protection of themselves and their young. Now, however, with the plains country thickly settled and with few wild animals the cattle do not need horns. Among the hornless breeds are the Galloway, Angus, Polled Friesian and Polled Shorthorn. Polled Jersey and Polled Hereford are also coming into favor. By the application of caustic potash the growth of the horns is prevented in the young calf.

Insects and Insecticides.

The following are cheap insecticides and come highly recommended:

Dissolve two chunks of common whitewash lime for each gall of water and add a small teaspoonful of copperas in powdered form. Sprinkle this mixture freely over growing plants and on the ground around them, and it will kill all kinds of plant lice and insects except cabbage worms, striped beetles, white grubs and potato bugs. A handful of fine dust from the middle of the street sprinkled on the cabbage will destroy the worms.

Boiling water into which is placed scraped soap and a little kerosene, when applied around squash and cucumber vines never fail to kill the yellow striped bug.

London purple is cheaper than paris green, and does the same work in killing potato bugs.

Lime and ashes, mixed with water and poured on the ground, causes the white grub to curl up for the last time. Poured on manure piles, it kills fly eggs and many embryo insects.

Making Potatoes Pay.

A well-drained clay loam is considered best for potato growing. Alluvial soil is also good. The production per acre will be in proportion to the amount of available plant food and moisture in the soil. Select a three-year rotation, for the seed germ lasts but two years. Use fertilizer with 10 per cent actual potash. This we have applied as high as 1,500 pounds per acre, but usually use 500 to 800 pounds, and never drill more than 500 pounds directly into the row. The Green Mountain variety seems to be best with us.

Select your seed potatoes in the fall and keep over winter at a temperature of 38 degrees, as this will retard sprouting in the spring. Plant 7 to 10 inches deep and cultivate once a week. Do not roll. Plant as soon as possible after April 15, in rows 3 feet apart. Sprout one to five times with a mixture of 1/2 pounds of Paris green and fifty gallons of water. For five years the cost per acre of growing the potato has been \$45 to \$50 with us.

Summary of points necessary for success:

(1) Good seed. (2) Clay loam, well drained and of good fertility. (3) Break land early and deep, but do not pack. (4) Store crop in cool, dark place. (5) Do everything on time. (6) Square dealing—Agricultural Epitomist.

Feed for Work Horses.

Farm animals should be fed according to their needs. Their needs depend, of course, upon the product that



Libby's Vienna Sausage

Is distinctly different from any other sausage you ever tasted. Just try one can and it is sure to become a meal-time necessity, to be served at frequent intervals.

Libby's Vienna Sausage
just suits for breakfast, is fine for luncheon and satisfies of dinner or supper. Like all of Libby's Food Products it is carefully cooked and prepared, ready to serve, in **LIBBY'S GREAT WHITE KITCHEN**—the cleanest, most scientific kitchen in the world.

Other popular, ready-to-serve Libby Pure Foods are:

Cooked Corned Beef
Poached Baked Beef
Veal Loaf
Evaporated Milk
Baked Beans
Ghoul Chow
Mixed Pickles

Write for free booklet,—"How to make Good Things to Eat". Insist on **LIBBY'S** at your grocers.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

For Example.

Our slangy apppellations sometimes are out of place; For oft you see a summer girl Who has a wintry face.

Better than gold—Like it in color—Hamlin Wizard Oil—the best of all remedies for rheumatism, neuralgia, and all pain, soreness and inflammation.

The average daily amount of men consumed by each individual in New York City is 26 cents' worth, which is falling off of about 3/4 cent in five years.

There are imitations; don't be fooled. There is no substitute! Tell the dealer you want Lewis' Single Binder cigar.

Two locomotives could pass each other in any of the four funnels of the Mauretania.

Mrs. Whinlow's Soothing Syrup for Children soothes the cough, relieves inflammation, and relieves colds, catarrhs & asthma.

By Precept Only.

"You uphold and defend the split infinite, do you, doctor?"

"Most emphatically, sir."

"Then why in thunder do you never use it yourself?"

Recipe for Political Campaign.

Take the roots of several ripe questions and cover them well with equal parts of fudge and dead beets. Add one modicum of sense and a number of great scoops of nonsense. Some of the more fastidious often add a pinch of progress, but this is not absolutely necessary. Stir in some carefully selected verbiage strained through a rhetorical colander. Beat vigorously until the enthusiasm rises to the top, and then drop in a handful of candy-dates.

It is then ready for the griddle, which is best made in the shape of a platform constructed from well-worn planks.

Now let the whole thing boil and bubble for several months. If it should not rise well, add newspapers. When it is at white heat, garnish liberally with long green. Now let the steam off and set aside to cool. Preserve in alcohol for future use.

A political campaign should be served in gum shoes, and should also be taken with a grain of salt.—Success Magazine.

The United States annually exports more wheat, including wheat flour, than any other country in the world, 140,000,000 out of 640,000,000 bushels.

Charms Children Delights Old Folks

Post Toasties

The crisp, delicious, golden-brown food, made of Indian Corn.

A tempting, teasing taste distinctly different—all its own.

"The Taste Lingers."

Sold by Grocers.

Popular pkg., 10c.

Large Family size, 15c.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.

Battle Creek, Mich.



GREEKS BURNED TO DEATH

Employees Burn Themselves to the Ground in \$300,000 Blaze.

In a mad rush to escape from the flames in the Kieckhefer box factory in Milwaukee three employees were injured and two firemen were overcome by heat and smoke while fighting the fire. The loss was \$30,000. Two Greeks, Peter Bougates and Constantine Ganos, are believed to have been burned to death. They were seen to go into the burning building to get their clothes and a search of the city boarding houses has failed to locate them.

The men and boys were working at the south end of the big two-story structure when the alarm was sounded. The flames flashed rapidly through the lumber and the men feared to use the exits, the result being a jam in the north end of the structure, where there are only narrow doors. Falling to get out by way of the doors, the men leaped from the windows. Byron Fullerton and Arthur Fulbright sustained broken legs in jumping from second story windows. Both were seized by Eddie Bryant, a bystander, and dragged to the street together in time to escape being buried by other men following them.

MURDER IS OUTCOME OF JOKE

Victim Resents Placard, Slaps Wife and Is Shot Dead.

E. C. Williams, representative in Atlanta, Ga., of the Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York, slapped the face of Donald M. Bain, a leading insurance man, 68 years old and nearly thirty years his senior. Within a few moments he was dead from a shot through the brain at the hands of Bain. The shooting took place in an office in the Prudential Building and was the result of a trifling practical joke. Williams had returned to his office to find on his desk a placard reading: "Out of town—Milledgeville." The State asylum for lunatics is at Milledgeville and Williams represented the implication he saw in the placard. He taxed Bain with being its author. The men quarreled and the encounter and shooting followed. Bain gave himself up to the police.

TEN MILLIONS IN A DRAY.

Fourteen Fine Track Horses Haul Gold Through Streets of Frisco.

A dray loaded with \$10,000,000 in gold coin was driven Monday down Market street, San Francisco, from the temporary quarters of the city treasury in the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company Building to the vaults in the old city hall. Fourteen of the finest track horses that could be secured drew the valuable load, and twenty-five mounted policemen guarded the caravan. John E. McDougal, city treasurer, occupied the seat beside the driver. The east wing of the old city hall, where the vaults are located, is the only part of the building left by the wreckers, who have made a thorough job of the work started by the earthquake and fire of 1906.

CRITICIZING OFFICIALS NOT LIBERAL

Legislator's Verdict for \$12,500.00 Reversed by Missouri Court.

It is not liberal for newspapers to criticize, in a spirit of fairness, the official acts of public officers. This was the unanimous decision of Division No. 2 of the Supreme Court of Missouri Tuesday. The opinion was given in the case of Glover Branch against George Knapp & Co., publishers.

Branch won a verdict of \$12,500 damages in the lower courts. The plaintiff was a member of the Legislature in 1905 and the alleged libelous statements resulted from his attitude in the Senatorial fight of that year. The House met, approved the journal, listened to Chaplain Couden's prayer, received a routine message from the President, declined to consider a bridge bill brought up by Representative Hobson of Alabama, and adjourned within twelve minutes.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

At the conclusion of the preliminary hearing in Toledo, Ohio, Salvatore and Sebastian Lima and Salvatore Rizzo, all of Marion, three members of the alleged Black Hand band, recently arrested, were bound over to the federal grand jury. The bond of Salvatore Lima was increased to \$6,000, and that of the others to \$5,000 each. As they were unable to furnish the smaller amounts previously exacted, they may have to remain in the county jail.

Georgia Bill Bars Negroes.

The preparation of a bill to exclude negroes from employment as firemen and trainmen in Georgia has been begun by a committee representing the firemen and trainmen of the Georgia Railroad. The measure will be presented to the Georgia Legislature, now in session. A bill already introduced in the House requires an educational test for negro firemen.

Blades Pass with Death.

The body of Calvin Little Page, who the previous day murdered Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jamieson, parents of his divorced wife, near Valley Junction, Ga., was found Wednesday by John Ritchie, whose farm is close to the Jamieson home. Page had shot himself, despairing of escape from armed

possessors.

James Mills died in Bellevue hospital in New York. He weighed 510 pounds and physicians had to fight him to get him on the scales.

There was a deluge of small perch in Harlem street, New York, when firemen cleaned out the hydrants. Many children carried home the live perch in pails of water.

Eugene Dorsey, one of four negroes charged with the killing of Walter F. Schultz, a Chicago artist, was convicted of murder in the first degree at Alexandria, Va.

Irving Barnes, 14 years old, twice circled the 13th school grounds in Los Angeles, Cal., in an airplane of his own invention. The boy reached a height of twenty-five feet.

A telegram has been received at the Harvard College observatory from Zaccaria Daniel of the Princeton observatory, stating that a comet was discovered by him June 15.

Killed in Train Collision.

In a collision between Wabash freight and passenger trains at Missouri City, Engineer David Parrish was killed and three passengers were injured.

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Grayling Avalanche.

Editor, Writer and Proprietor.

RAVENS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per Year	\$1.50
Per Month	75
Per Week	40

Published as an second-class matter at the Postoffice of Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1893.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, JULY 8

Home Circle Department

A column dedicated to Tired Mothers, as they join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Crude thoughts as they fall from the Editorial Pen—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

Take your joy with you or you'll not find it even in heaven.

If your wife is the best woman in the world, tell her so, it will keep her young and lengthen her life.

A home where happiness reigns is a wealth more to be envied than the great riches of a nation. Riches are not essential to happiness, but the most happy and contented homes are those in which poverty is associated. And yet 'tis said that so many homes, where everything that is needed, or can be purchased with money, are plentiful, should be filled with discord and unpleasantness, its inmates going abroad to seek pleasure, where they are surrounded by numberless evils and temptations.

"Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed furrows in her cheeks—but she is not sweet and beautiful now? The lips which have kissed many hot tears from the childish cheeks are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the rapt radiance of a holy love which can never fade. Oh yes, she is a dear old mother. Her sands of time are nearly run out, but feeble as she is she will go farther and reach down lower for you than any other on earth. You cannot walk into midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars shall keep her out; you cannot mound a scaffold too high for her to reach and bless you. In evidence of her deathless love, when the world shall despise and forsake you—when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed—the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms, carry you home and tell you of your virtues until you almost forgot that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion."

It is worth while, because you feel out of sorts, to pull a long face, to be disagreeable and cross to every one you meet and so make them unhappy? A cheerful smile, a kind word will not only make your friends and neighbors lighter hearted, but will help to cheer you also. A cheerful countenance is a duty we owe to our neighbors and how much more it is necessary in the home! Our friends can get out of our way if we are not good companions, but our family cannot. They are helpless victims, shut up in the same house with us. For the sake of the children, for the sake of all humanity, let us cultivate a pleasant smile, a hearty laugh, and a habit of cheerfulness.

MEN YOU KNOW.
"The Editor Man."

things that tend to elevate the human character.

BROKEN VOWS.

By Geo. E. Metcalf.

"Twas in a city of the west, there died one millionaire. Straightway his spirit flapped its wings and soared to realms no fair When it arrived at heaven's gate St. Peter stood inside: "Please walk right in," good Peter said, as he threw the portals wide, "We knew that you were coming; we sent a call last night; It found you in the wheat pit with wheat clear out of sight, So when our message reached you, and you the call had heard, We had your gold and silver and greenbacks all transferred.

"We have a place prepared for you, and with all your hoarded gold, For which you caused the poor to starve, 'tis yours to have and hold. But you shall suffer all the pangs of hunger and misery, And not one morsel pass your lips through all eternity."

The rich man's face grew haggard, he shivered in his track. His toes with cold began to ache and chill ran up his back. Pierces hunger seized upon him and pinched him like a vice His form grew faint, and then so cold 'twas like a piece of ice.

"Oh Good Saint Peter, let me go back to the earth once more.

I swear to you most faithfully I'll never plough the poor, But I will do my very best all gambling to stop, And then of course as we all know the price of bread will drop."

So good Saint Peter let him go and straightway he awoke. And rubbing his hands laughed gaily, 'twas such a funny joke. Then quickly rose and dressed himself and to the wheat pit went, And cleared a million in one hour by raising the price one cent.

"Tis easier that a camel through a needles' eye be driven Than for a man of riches to enter the kingdom of heaven.

He will not heed the Master's call, "Verily I say unto thee, Sell that thou hast to aid the poor, then come and follow me."

"Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, For this is the law and the prophets."

Matt. 7:12.

Class History and Prophecy.

Turn back the pages of History to four years ago and look at the roll of the class of 1909 when it first entered high school.

The class numbered fifteen pupils, all about as fresh and unsophisticated as the general run of freshmen classes are.

When the instructors presented the courses, the class, with few exceptions, chose the English-German much to the regret of some before the end of the second semester. During the first year four of the class left for different parts of the world. One went to Los Angeles, California one to Washington, one to Midland and the other remained in Grayling.

The second year the class held its first meeting for the purpose of choosing a class motto and class colors.

After much deliberation and many discussions, blue and maize were selected for the colors and the motto was "We sail tonight, where shall we anchor?"

The third year of its existence the class numbered nine pupils but what it lacked in numbers it made up in spirit and well deserved the name of "Jolly Juniors."

Scholarship contests, however, should not be entered into without due deliberation and great care, for they do not all terminate as successfully as expected.

"I hope are more successful, especially if automobiles work well. Our worked finely and carried us successfully over the rough places so we've rolled out with a flourish and about from our jolly automobile."

In its senior year the class had shrunk to five members, four girls and one boy.

"Our boy" has borne his responsibilities and trials with patience and good humor but has emerged from the conduct a white headed youth. His one consolation, however, is that he knows how iron was discovered (?)

In the course of the year the class decided to change the motto to "We Will" as it expresses the spirit of the class better than the previous one.

Classics is the one subject in which the class is most proficient, all being familiar with Shakespeare's works, especially the Merchant of Venice which may be quoted by all.

Iva, the nightingale of our class has a decided preference for ancient History and its great heroes.

The greatest hero, in her opinion is Alexander the Great.

Minna, our enterprising class mate has many peculiar whims. She has taken up the study of birds and the American Eagle appears to have a great fascination for her.

Ethelyn is a representative of the English nationality and has all the characteristics peculiar to that race. She expects to take up the study of domestic science but did not join the chemistry class in time and Chris. He is said to be a round head but his head is level as he has proved by graduating as valedictorian of his class.

As for myself, fifth member of the class, I have plodded along with the rest, mingling in their joys and sorrows.

DENTIST
DR. FREDERICK E. BUSH
of Saginaw will be at the
NEW RUSSELL HOTEL
Friday and Saturday, July 23rd and 24th
to practice dentistry in all its branches.
Teeth extracted positively without pain, Gold Crowns and Bridge work, all kinds of plate work and filling. All work guaranteed.
EXAMINATION AND ADVICE FREE.
REGULAR CALLS THERE AFTER.

THERE IS LITTLE REAL TROUBLE

Meats

Fresh
and
Good.

The
People's
Market.

Milks Bro's.
Prop's.

EXCURSION

SUNDAY

July 11, 1909

(Returning same day)

TO

Indian River \$.90

Mackinaw City \$ 1.35

Special train leaves 8:00 a. m.

FOR PARTICULARS

Consult Ticket Agent

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN
The Probate Court for the
County of Crawford.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office, in the Village of Grayling, in said county, on the first day of July A. D. 1909.

Present: Hon. Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Frank A. Hardgrove, deceased.

Nellie J. Hardgrove having filed in said court her petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to Nellie J. Hardgrove or some suitable person.

It is ordered that the fourth day of August A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three consecutive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the CRAWFORD AVIATOR newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

WELLINGTON BATTERSON,
Judge of Probate.

A true copy:
WELLINGTON BATTERSON,
Judge of Probate.

July 3-3.

rows, trials and tribulations and we have all successfully mounted another rung in the ladder of life.

And now for the future of this most illustrious class. Success cannot help but crown the labor of such industrious workers as the class has proved itself to be.

In the past they have worked patiently and diligently for their small successes and in the world which they are about to enter, they will, without doubt, succeed. It is the good hard, patient work, with a definite aim in view that has made so many of our great men successful and why should not our class be rewarded as they?

They will bravely face their difficulties and courageously forge through them and on to greater things with a firm belief and hope in the destiny which shapes our ends.

Sixpences on a Tombstone.

Sunday morning, 11 off Widows of the parish of St. Bartholomew, West Smithfield, went to the churchyard at the close of the morning service to pick up the sixpences which are usually deposited on the tombstones of a parishioner who died several months ago.

The origin of the custom dates back to Roman times, and it was revived some years ago by Mr. Butterwick. The little graveyard is raised several feet above the level of the pathway, and to mount to this eminence the elderly dames are assisted up a step-ladder lodged against the stone coping of the wall—London Daily Chronicle.

A. PETERSON

Watchmaker, Jeweler and Engraver.

THE FOURTH

Offers good opportunity to get out of town and spend Saturday, Sunday, Monday with friends.

Tickets at low round trip fares, on sale, July 3, 4, and 5; good returning until the 6th.

FOR PARTICULARS

Consult Ticket Agent

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

Notice To Taxpayers.

The tax roll for the Village of Grayling is in my hands for collection, and taxes can be paid at the Bank.

R. REAGAN,
Village Treas.

made expressly for you,

with an individuality of

style and neatness of

shape truly distinctive,

we can supply them—

the work of Ed. V. Price

& Co., of Chicago—

At Prices Much Lower

than are asked by the

average small tailor, and

actually deliver superior

quality—all because of

the immense buying

power and admirable

organization of

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1901

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 190